

## Freefall

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Summary: When a ODST Lieutenant faces a decision he really can't deny, his world changes as he sees things through a different visor, and meets a odd species. Halo/Pokemon.

## Freefall

UNSC Headquarters/Earth/0700 Hours

It was morning, planet Earth's flowers and trees swayed a fresh breeze into Lt. Torkev's and Pvt. Demsey's room. The alarm went off with a high ringing, making Demsey switch it off immediately. "Salem..arg...get up Salem!" Demsey mumbled as he rolled into the floor.

"Time already? They should change these P.T. meets to 12." Torkev replied as he let out a vigorous yawn.

They picked themselves up and dressed in their standard P.T. uniform. Demsey and Torkev had only recently met, >after their old partners fell in battle. These were no Spartans, they were ODST, who had seen the world, and the planets beyond it. They walked into the mess hall, ready to get a hardy breakfast. They walked through the line and picked their favorite meal, eggs, bacon, and a side of sausage. Plain, yes, but excellent at the taste.<br>They took their seats when they noticed a Spartan walking out of the mess hall.

"Heh..bigshots, Spartans think they rule all of us." Demsey said with a smirk.

>"Quiet, if they hear you say that, they will wear you out Demsey." Torkev replied.<p>

The intercom turned on and the operator said "Lt. Torkev, report to Colonel Swanick, repeat, Lt. Torkev, >report to Colonel Swanick.<br>"Ahh man. That ain't good." Torkev

said as he got up and threw his tray away.

He proceeded to walk in the Colonel's office when we saw a Spartan there.

"Ah, there he is. John, this is Salem Torkev, best ODST we got in this Headquarters." Colonel said to the Spartan.

"Good, cause we are gonna need him." The Spartan said while looking at Torkev, he had a deep rough voice, one any alien would be afraid of.  
"What do you mean? Need me?" Torkev replied.

"I'm gonna make this short and simple for you Lt. I want you to become a Spartan." John said with ease.

"HAHA. Become one of you bigshot know it all? Hell no, I would rather give myself up to a Brute." Was Torkev's reply.

"I won't force it, but give it some thought. Earth needs a hero Salem. You can be it."

"And how is that, Spartan?"

"We need you to deliver a A.I to Reach, but an ODST can't do it, has to be a Spartan. I would myself but I am too busy here building defenses. It's a nice drop off mission, real simple, and you get some nice armor as well."

"I don't really have a choice...do I Colonel?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"Fine...sign me up. I guess today is the day I throw my ODST life away, and adopt a new one."

"Yes...it is." John said, slowly.

UNSC Headquarters/Earth/0900 Hours

Salem walked out of the Colonels office, after signing his Spartan transformation files. Now he had but one task.

>Break the news to Demsey. He opened his door and saw Demsey putting his armor on.

"Oh hey man, what did Colonel want bud?" He said with a sincere smile.

"Listen, Demsey, a Spartan named John had a mission for me. Deliver a package to Reach. An A.I.

>But no ODST can do it. He offered me a Spartan change." Torkev said with a serious face.

"Ah, so you rejected...right? You rejected?"

"..No. I had no choice, I had to say yes. and sign the papers."

"So...gonna be one of THEM huh? I see how its gonna be, traitor." He picked his bags up and left the room.

"Demsey. I'm sorry my friend."

"Dont speak to me."

So there Salem was, nothing but a dull face as he watched his friend leave the room. He needed a projector, he had to contact his family. He got his old message board and called his family. Their images appeared.

"Father, mother, my brothers, my sisters, I have news. I'm becoming a Spartan, today. And going on a mission.  
>I love you all...so much." Torkev said to his family with despair.<p>

"My son, I am so proud of you. No matter how it ends, we love you. All of us, so much." His father said.

"Dad...I love you. All of you." He hung up. Torkev was ready.

He walked down the hallway, past the dull guards. He flashed back to his first day in the UNSC, how nervous he was.

>He didnt know what to do but keep walking, he thought of when his parents first saw him in the force. Then to when he got sent to earth. The truck ride, the people with him. An Asian, and Hungarian. He continued to walk in his robes, and he stared into Reachs surface from the glass window. He entered the blast doors, and saw his table where the needles waiting to inject him. He remembered his Pelican ride to the spaceship in which he was now.<br>He laid there, which his chip that would start his transformation. He inserted it, laid back, and watched the needles as they approached his Arms, legs, and head. He looked around him and saw the laser focusing on his body, scanning inhaled deeply, he clinched, knowing the needles would pierce his brain and limbs in matter of seconds.

>They entered his body, and fluids rushed in, killing his blood cells and putting the spartan genetics in him.<br>Suddenly his muscle mass increased, he had muscles where any could be. Thick, strong. The needles left his body, fluids, turning his green eyes, into a lush blue. He got up, put his new uniform on, and slept.

>He awoke, and walked down a narrow hallway. Approching his armor, as he looked into the helmet, his eyes reflected into the visor. It was over. He was..a Spartan. (I made this to match the Birth of a Spartan trailer,<br>if you wish to see it so you can know how this went down, watch it on youtube).

UNSC Pelican Landing Pad/UNSC Frigate Pillar of Autumn/0800  
Hours

Torkev stood there, in his new Spartan over. Over 3000 pounds. Like a feather to him. A DMR in his hands, a lethal weapon, one shot, makes the difference. A standard Assault rifle on his back. No looking back, never.

>John approached him.<br>"I'm glad you did this. The tingles will go away. Only the fluids still breaking blood cells. Here is the package.

>take care of it. With your life." John said. He handed it to Torkev. He didn't talk much..he didnt have time to.<br>This is it he thought. He entered the Pelican, alone. They took off..and was flying through space itself. He fell asleep, it will be over soon, and he can visit his family.

>His eyes slowly opened as the co pilot was screaming at him, red lights flickering everywhere!<p>

"WE JUST GOT HIT BY A COVENENT SCOUTING PARTY, WE'RE GOING DOWN SPARTAN, WHEREVER WE CAN! BRACE YOURSELF!" the pilot returned to his post, the Pelican became blazing hot as it entered a Atmosphere at full speed, burning the pilots alive, and then, a loud crash..the Pelican had.."landed". Leaving the Spartan dazed, shocked dizzy. He looked around him, the package had been lost in the crash, hopefully not destroyed. He left the Pelican,  
>scouting the area. A lush, beautiful green forest. Sparkling waters with majestic waterfalls. could this be?<br>A planet not scarred by the plasma burns of the covenant? Amazing, Torkev loved it. He heard a splash in the waters,  
>and pulled his Magnum out. He kept it aimed and turned the corner, he saw a dress on a branch, and a white creature with green hair bathing, she had some piece of red through her chest. Her hair covered one of her eyes. She turned, and stared at him, startled by his presence, she screamed, and called for something named "Jorne". A creature similar to her, but with blades on his arms, leaped out from the trees, and stood in a battle stance. He charged Torkev, swinging his blade, Torkev ducked and punched him in the gut, sending him flying against a tree. Did he really do that? Was that a Spartans strength? The creature looked startled, as if he never been hit before.<p>

"Back off, buddy." Torkev said.

A red flying creature came out from a tree.

"Ah, so the creature speaks our language." The red creature said.

"Your language? Try mine."

"Haha, you are calm, and only strike when provoked. Come, tell me what you know." Torkev looked around him, the creature that charged him stood there, glaring. Salem walked towards the scizor,  
>then walked beside him and started to speak.<p>

"I'm a Spartan, I was sent to deliver a package to a different planet. Who are you? WHAT are you?"

"We are a species called Pokemon. Each of us branched as different types. I am a Scizor, the one who struck you, was a Gallade named Jorne. Prince of Kerik. Our king. That woman, is a Gardevoir. Jorne's sister.

>The princess. Come, you must seek an audience with Trall, if you wish to make your stay...peaceful, friend." <p>

End  
file.